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ty? Canada has yet to have her Cooper, her Scott, her Dickens, who shall make us familiar with its people and its homes.

Of some of these homes, a Canadian paper thus talks: "There are exceptions to every rule, but, speaking generally, enter one of the substantial brick messuages which so thickly dot our older settled townships, and what do you behold? You are ushered into a room, furnished with neatness, and even elegance, as far as the mission of the upholsterer extends. Carpets, chairs, tables, and sofas, are unexceptionable, and would pass muster in the domicile of any Anglican country squire. And ten to one are the chances that the apartment boasts of a piano-forte, from the manufactory of a Chickering or Dunham, which even Nordheimer would regard with approbative complacency.

"Cast your eye to the walls of the chamber, however, and how dismal the incongruity which is manifested. We employ not the language of exaggeration, when asserting that the pictorial decorations you there discover would reflect disgrace upon the bar-room of a village tavern, so far as artistic merit is concerned. They consist, for the most part, of flaunting, colored lithographs, purchased for sixpence ahead, and dear bargains at that money.

"Amongst the prints are frequently interspersed original 'drawings' by female members of the family, inexorably ignoring the primary rules of perspective. Either self-taught are the authors of these caricatures, or they have received indoctrination from ignorant empirics, who profess to impart a practical knowledge of 'painting' in half-a-dozen 'easy lessons,' and for the moderate honorarium of three or four dollars. Not unseldom a coarse county or township map lends dismal diversity to the series, and the chances are great that if you have a predilection for statuary, it will be gratified by the effigy of a cat or dog in plaster of Paris, resplendent with all the hues of the rainbow.

"Better, a hundred-fold better, that our dwellings were devoid of everything in the shape of ornamenture, than exhibit such libels upon art. By contemplating them morning, noon and night, the eyes of the rising generation become accustomed to a degraded standard of merit, and thus the chance of improvement in matters of taste is rendered next to impossible. If things are permitted to remain in their

present deplorable position, Canadians one hundred years hence will occupy precisely the same mean position on the dilettanti scale that they now hold."

This is not flattering to the hopes of the Art-philanthropist, truly; and, yet, in the general spread of intelligence, under the admirable systems of education being adopted, we think there is every reason to look for a better appreciation of the *beautiful* things of life, by the householder, the farmer, the well-to-do mechanic, the active business man—those who go to make up the *back-bone* of Canadian progress.

### MOONLIGHT MEMORIES.

Do thy chamber windows open east  
Beloved, as did ours of old?  
I see you stand when day has ceased,  
Retiring through Eve's porch of gold,  
And watch the pink flush fade above  
The hills on which the wan moon leans,  
And know you think of all the love  
That blest this hour in other scenes.

I see your hand upon your heart,  
I see you dash away the tears—  
It is the same undying smart  
That touched our breasts in other years,  
And cannot pass away. You stand  
Pressing against the frosty pane  
Your burning forehead, and command  
Some balm to fall upon your pain.

But balm is not for griefs like ours,  
Nor resurrection for dead Hope:  
In vain we cover wounds with flowers  
That grow upon Life's western slope.  
Their leaves are bright, and hard, and dry,  
They have no soft and healing dew:  
And pansies of past summers lie  
Dead, in the shadow of the yew.

You say this to yourself, and turn  
To pace the dimness of your room,  
But lo, like fire within an urn,  
The moonlight glows through all the gloom;  
It soothes you like a living thing,  
And spite of all your dreary tears  
Some drops of gladness will up-spring  
For memories that the time endears.

On nights like these, with such a moon  
Full shining in a wintry sky,  
Or on the softer nights of June  
When fleecy clouds fled thought-like by,  
Within our chamber opening east,  
With curtains from the windows parted,  
With hands and cheeks together prest,  
We dreamed youth's glowing dreams, light-hearted.

Or talked of that mysterious love  
That comes like Fate to every soul,  
And vowed to keep our lives above  
Perchance its sorrowful control.  
Alas, the very vow we made  
To keep our lives from passion free,  
To wiser hearts must have betrayed  
Some future love's intensity.

How well that youthful vow was kept  
Is written on a deathless page—  
Vain all regrets, vain tears we wept,  
The record lives from age to age.  
But God, 'who doeth all things well,'  
Who made us differ from the throng,  
Has it within his heart to quell  
This torturing pain of thirst, ere long.

And you, whose soul is all aglow  
With fire Prometheus brought from Heaven.  
Shall in the future surely know  
Joys for which high desires are given.  
Not always in a restless pain,  
Shall beat your heart, and throb your brow,  
Not always shall you sigh in vain  
For hope's fruition, hidden now.

Beloved, are your tear-drops dried?  
The moon's riding high above;—  
Though each from each is parted wide,  
We have not parted early love.  
And tho' you never are forgot,  
The moon-rise in the east shall be  
The token that my evening thought  
Is given to memory and thee.

F. F. B.

### IDEALIZED NATURE.



J. STILLMAN, the artist, lately gave his lecture in Boston, on "English Art," from which we are pleased to extract the following finely conceived passage:

"Nature reveals her inmost and most worshipful beauties only to him who has the imagination which can pass beyond the external forms and facts, and reach essential truths. It is this mystery of the combination of nature and the artist's mind which, in the works of men of real genius, at once holds the mass of mankind at the distance of incomprehensiveness, and chains those who do learn to appreciate and understand them to the car of their triumph, not unwilling trophies of conquest, and perhaps, like Ruskin for Turner, the more exultant heralds of the conqueror's glory from their being attended by so few companions in appreciation.

"It may not be of the slightest import to us, personally, what the exact nature

of the qualities so expressed may be, but we must accept this general law, that a work of art, so far from being faulty for expressing the artist's character, absolutely demands it. It is not nature, pure and simple, that we want most from the artist—though we get that so rarely that we ought always to give it cordial encouragement—but nature with a difference; and instead of saying to ourselves, as we generally do, 'I do not see nature so,' let us accept the difference as an addition and a gift. Indeed, the proper analysis of a work of art depends on our so doing; so that when we find in a picture what we call a style or manner, we have only to determine if it be genuine, and the result of a peculiar way of regarding nature—in which case it is good—or the effect of a willingness to compromise with difficulties, in which case it is bad.

"But for comparative judgment we may leave out of the question the natural element; for nature, the eternally true and unchangable mother, wears the same sweet face for all—it is only in loving insight of her that men differ.

"If my standard of judgment be admitted, we shall exclude from our Walhalla many popular idols of past and present times—men whose only gifts seem to be a clear and dispassionate perception of external things, and a power of recalling that perception at will, with whatever degree of correctness—mental photographers, seeing in nature only so many facts of which note may be taken, and recording them as phenomena more or less interesting from their rarity or from some quality of picturesque adaptability; going out to sketch, as penny-a-liners go to the scene of some interesting event—to whom

'A primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose is, \* \*  
And nothing more.'

"To these, the rolling of mountains and their pinnacles reaching into the infinite blue, their peaks on peaks of snowy grandeur, make only so much fine composition; the flecking of cloud-shadows, hurryingly keeping even-paced with the west wind, only so much fine light and shade; and the melancholy glory of the dying day only so much color to be noted in memoranda on the corner of a sketch, in all the conventional names of tints known in the studios, and the whole language of nature is translated into terms of pigment and pencil. These range over the whole

world, finding their material at all points with equal facility. All is fish that comes into the net. A pile of ruins by the Nile, a crumbling castle in Scotland, the solemn surges of the Atlantic, or the dreamy cloud-piles of the August afternoon, are all alike welcome, because only welcome to the brain. These find the heart of nothing, and nothing finds the heart of them; they paint nothing but surface, but in painting surface nothing limits them but their power to draw. What they give us we will accept as so much artistic topography; if you please, reports of the transactions of nature, ever so minute and praiseworthy, and in ever so many and ever so ponderous volumes; and as nature's doings are always interesting, even thus superficially reported, we shall have due regard, in our acknowledgments of enjoyments received, to the reporters. I do not now speak of men who, sitting down before nature, in humility and with earnest love of beauty in its least forms, reverentially transcribe what it shows them. I speak of men who have vigorous conception, fluent invention and dexterous execution, but of whom we cannot expect poetry, because love is the soul of poetry, and these love not—or imagination, because imagination deals with the soul of all things, and these have never found that there was a soul in nature. I would not, in any degree, diminish the pleasure such painters give the world, but theirs is still not the place of honor—which is in the heart, not the head of mankind. Art involves more than intellect; the ideal is hid in a worse than Cretan labyrinth, and love is the clue by which we find it. The truer artists are those who, it may be, see comparatively little, but finding all in the little, are content to go no farther; they find the least thing so full of meaning that the magnitude of an Alp is only an elevation greater than that of the sheep-fleeced knoll where they have played when they were children. Finding the soul of nature, they also find it flashing out as vividly from the tiny cascates of the brook at home as from the glancing green of Niagara's flood. The true heart finds that which it loves worthiest, and unhesitatingly declares its utter scepticism as to the greater excellence of something far off. It is this loving, passionate temper, which imprints itself so on the work it does, that it becomes individual—it is this only which infuses the real character of the artist into his art. It is this which

refines, purifies, and idealizes nature—which passes so gently and lovingly over its subject, harmonizing its discords, bringing into clearer light its points of expression, and veiling its harsher ones—that we become conscious of a subtler force than that of intellect in the result."

## AN APENNINE ADVENTURE.

WHILE stopping in Florence, at the "Casa del Bello," my companion and guide was James L. Grover, an American painter of some note, whom I had known well in the land of his nativity. It was Sunday evening, and on the following day I was to start for Bologna. Grover and myself sat upon one of the balconies of our chamber, engaged in conversation over our segars, and after we had talked awhile of the various things we had seen during the day, he asked me if he had ever told me of his adventure upon the Apennines. I told him I had never heard it.

"Then I must tell it to you," he said, throwing away his cigar, and taking a sip of wine.

I lighted a fresh cigar, and he related to me as follows:

"Four years ago this summer my brother and two sisters visited me here in Florence. They spent two weeks with me, and then started for Venice, by the way of Bologna, where they had friends whom they were anxious to see. I should have gone with them had I not been engaged upon a work which I had promised to have done within a given time; but, as it was, we made the thing work very well, for my brother expected two thousand dollars by the hands of a friend who was shortly expected from Rome, and it was arranged that I should take the money when it came, and bring it with me to Venice when I got ready to meet them there. My brother left the necessary document for the obtaining of the money, and in due time set out.

"On the very next day I was taken ill, and was confined to my bed a week, but I got out and finished my work just as the friend arrived from Rome with the money. He delivered it into my hands upon the production of my brother's written instructions, and I set the next Monday as the day on which I would start. I was really not fit to undertake such a journey, but I